who were in the stalls, and implored them to lighten it of some of the jewels.

"Oh, do keep it *as* it is," they answered, "it looks splendid."

" I can't breathe in it, much less act in it. Please send some one up to cut off a few stones."

I went on with my part, and then, during a wait, two of Mrs. Nettleship's assistants came on to the stage and snipped off a jewel here and there. When they had filled a basket, I began to feel better !

But when they tried to lift that basket, their united efforts could not move it!

On one occasion I wore a dress made in eight hours! During the first we^ek of the run of " The Merry Wives of Windsor " at His Majesty's, there was a fire hi my dressing-room—an odd fire which was never accounted for. In the morning they found the dress that I had worn as Mrs. Page burnt to a cinder. A. messenger from His Majesty's went to tell my daughter, who had made the ill-fated dress:

"Miss Terry will, I suppose, have to wear one of our dresses to-night. Perhaps you could make her a new one by the end of the week."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Edy, bluffing, "III make her a dress by to-night/' She has since told me that she did not really think she *could* make it in time!

She had at this time a workshop in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. All hands were called into the service, and half an hour after the message came from the theatre the new dress was started. That was at 10.30. Before 7 p.m. the new dress was in my dressing-

room at His Majesty's Theatre.

And best of all, it was a great improvement on the dress that had been burned ! It stood the wear and tear of the